

T H E

40

Black-Bird's

Third T A L E.

A

P O E M.

By the Author of the First

Post est Occasio calva----

Entred in the Hall Book according to the Act.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by John Morphew near
Stationers-Hall, 1713.

Sach. 302/1



THE
BLACK-BIRD'S
Third T A L E.



S on a Bough the Blackbird
fat,
Revolving the strange
Turns of Fate,
In a cool Walk he through the Trees,
Primario and Clarissa sees ;
The fair Clarissa who still bears
A Part in all her Lady's ~~Eyes~~, *Caros*

And still attends where e're she goes,
 To help, deliver her from those,
 Who with inexorable Spite,
 Disturb her Quiet day and night,
 And full of *Impudence* and *Pride*,
 Her *Person* from her *Power* divide.
 Oh ! What a Force has *Impudence*,
 When internix'd with want of *Sense*.
 How often does it make Men *great*,
 And give 'em *Titles*, and *Estate*,
 Gains *Vogue* at *Court*, and makes *Fools*
 Peers,
 And *Scoundrels* to high *Places* rear ;
 As says the learned *Hudibras*,
 Can make a *Bishop* of an *Ass*.
 For he that has but *Impudence*,
 To all things else has a *pretence*.

The Lady first the Talk began,
 Primario you're a faithful Man,
 And much our *Mrs.* does depend,
 That you'll approve your self her Friend,
 She therefore sends by me to know,
 How now you think her Matters go.
 Primario sigh and stop her here ;
 To the good Dame my Duty bear,
 And beg her first of all beware,
 Of those *vile Men* that boldly say,
 They *lawfully* may disobey.
 For such who for *Resistance* plead,
 Must ever keep her under dread ;
 And to betray, or use her ill,
 Would always have it at their Will.

Clarissa,

Clarissa, if I may be free,
 Tell your good Lady this from me,
 Her *Safeguard's* in the *Ministry*.
 When *wise*, and *virtuous* Men preside,
 Whose *Faith* and *Justice* have been try'd ;
 Then *Anarchy*, and *Innovation*,
 That threaten this unhappy *Nation*,
 Must sneak into some other *Station*.
 But when *Religion's* made the *Sport*,
 The *Make-game* or the *Fool* o'th' Court,
 And ev'ry little *Knave* or *Fool*,
 Directs the *Monarch* how to *Rule*,
 Unless by speedy *Measures* cross'd,
 The *Church*, and *Crown* must both be lost,
 And he that thinks them *out of Danger*,
 To common Sense must be a *Stranger*.

Can it be true what *People* say,
 A set of Fellows t'other day,
 Had Insolence enough to come,
 Into your Lady's drawing Room,
 And to her Face declare if she,
 Should alter more the *Ministry*,
 They'd all withdraw from her *Assistance*,
 And what is this but flat *Resistance*.

Oh *Heaven* ! Was ever such a thing
 Offer'd before to *Queen* or *King* ;
 My very Soul abhors the *Notion*,
 Of such a vile, and wicked *Motion*.
 What had the *Lady* ne're a *Friend* ?
 Whose Duty then 'twas to attend,
 To take these *Scoundrels* by the Ears,
 And lead 'em with contempt down Stairs.

Clarissa

Clarissa, I protest my Reason
 Suggests to me that this is **Treason**,
 A **Misdemeanor** 'tis I'm sure,
 The *Nation* ought not to endure;
 Nor can your **Lady** pass it by,
 The **Affront** is so exceeding high.

Primario, will you give me leave,
 My **Mistress**, who can much forgive,
 Yet wears a Soul too large and brave,
 To condescend to be their *Slave*.

Before we part take this from me,

Primario you will quickly see;
 Our **Mistress** will her Power assume,
 And punish those that dare presume,
 To flight her **Title** and defame,
 That glorious **Race** from whence she came.

This Poem will be continued and published every *Thursday* in half Sheets in the same Letter and Paper.

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